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The Truth found out at Laſt,

Or the

WHIG

Prov'd Worse than The

TORY.

AS 'tother Day I chanc'd to Walk,
By the Exchange I heard ſome Talk;
But could not rightly Underſtand,
The then Debate that was in Hand.
'Till happening to ſee a Crowd,
Some of the which Talkd very loud;
Immediately I thruſt along,
And clos'd in with the Circular Throng.
At laſt one Whisper'd to the Reſt,
Crying Brethoven I here Proteſt;
We are expos'd to Publick blame,
And Scandalous will be the Name.
Of Us, who heretofore have done,
Whatever we could think upon;
To make our Selvs and Ruin others,
Not ſpareing Fathers, Siſters, Brothers.
Endeavouring each one to Bite,
Not caring if we Ruin'd Quite;
Whole Families ſo that we could,
Enrich our Selvs and get but Gold.
For to maintain our Luxury,
By the moſt damned Villainy;
That ever Devil yet invented,
And have gone on ſtill unrepented.
But at the laſt we plainly find,
One of our Gang has been unkind;
To Publick view has open laid us,
And moſt Ridiculous has made Us.
Proving it by good ſolid Reaſon,
We all ought to be hang'd for Treaſon,
'Tho many of the Loyal Party,
In our Bite has been maſt hearty;
Nay Whigs of the firſt Rank has made,
Their Fortunes by our Curſed Trade.
And been as buiſie as the Beſt,
To help to Ruin all the Reſt.
But now I'm realy very Sick,
It touches me unto the Quick;
I'll ſtraight to Jonathons repair,
And ſee what they are doing there.
Some new invented Lye I'll make,
And the much fallen Stock Will take;
The Villain ſhall not have his will,
I will be *Rogue* and Robber ſtill.
Away he jogg'd they all went after,
One looked Sower another forc'd a Laughter.
Thinks I unto my Self what Elvs.
Are theſe that thus can blame themſelvs;
Of Villainies ſo curſed black,
And yet the Honeſty do lack.
For to Reclaim themſelvs hereafter,
But chiefly turn it to a Laughter.
At length I ſpy'd a mighty Whig,
Who ſwell'd and look'd both Grim and Big.
And thus he ſpoke unto another,
Saying honeſt Stock-Jobbing Brother;
Let's ſtrive to get what e'er we can,
Fear not the Puny honeſt Man.
From what's been ſaid I do Inferr'
The High-way Man is better far;
They bawl out Loyalty and Curſe,
The Torys yet are Ten times Worſe.

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